

BATMAN
No. 27

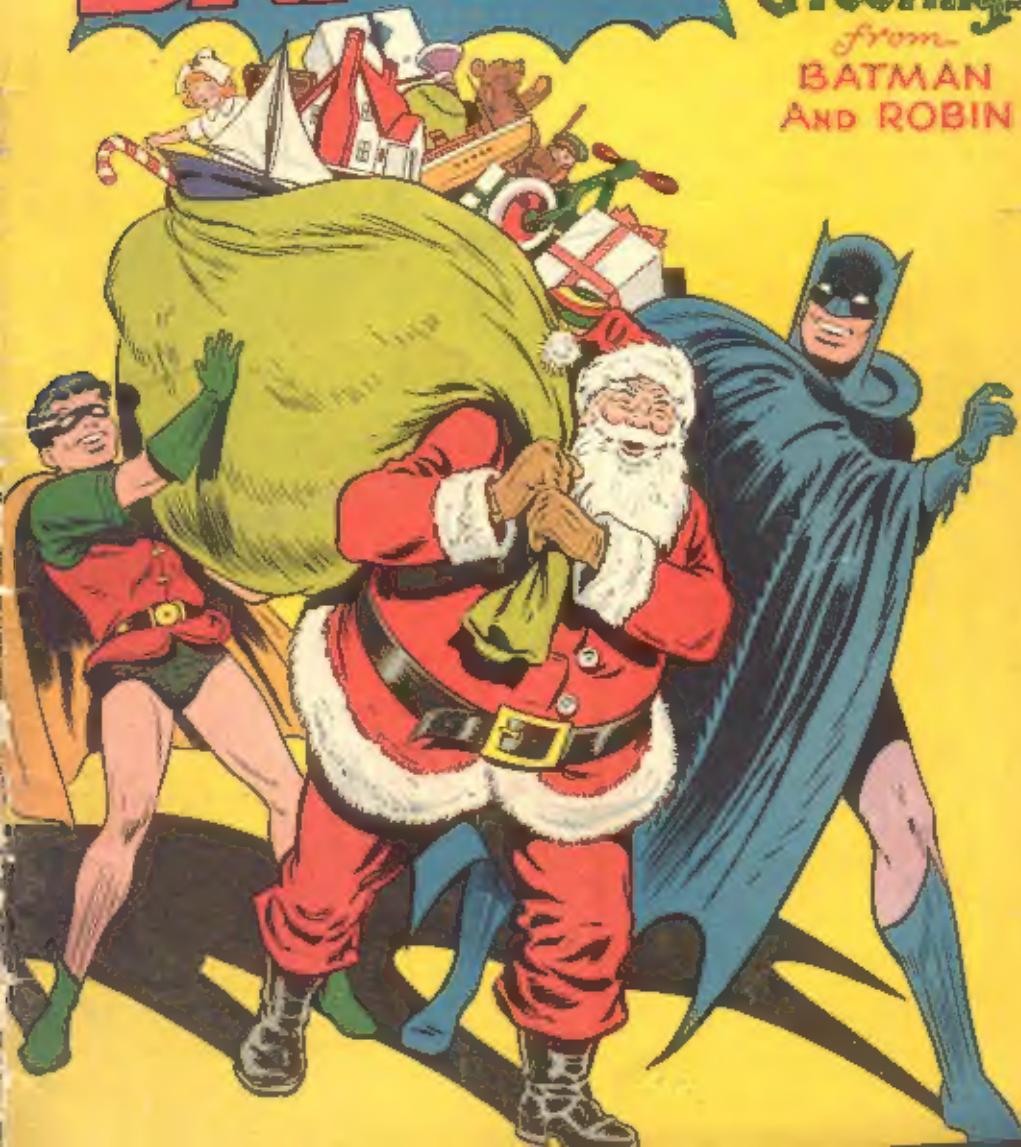
BACK THE 6TH WAR LOAN!

FEB...MAR.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

Season's
Greetings
from
BATMAN
AND ROBIN



BAT-MAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

A GOOD BOOK, SAID JOHN MILTON, "IS THE PRECIOUS LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER-SPRIT, EMBALMED AND TREASURED UP ON PURPOSE TO A LIFE BEYOND LIFE." BUT WHEN THE PENGUIN DECIDES TO SEEK IMMORTALITY THROUGH LITERATURE, IT TAKES ALL OF THE BATMAN'S FISTIC ARTFULNESS AND CREATIVE CUNNING TO KEEP THE VAINGLORIOUS VANDAL'S VENTURE INTO "BELLES LETTRES" WITHIN THE LETTER OF THE LAW, AND TO WIN TALENT FOR THE YOUTH WHO WAS...

"THE PENGUIN'S APPRENTICE!"

FICTION
A-D

HISTORY
L-M



SUNDAY MORNING SILENCE
REINING IN GOTHAM'S STILL
CANYONS AS BRUCE
WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON
GO FOR AN EARLY STROLL...

DOESN'T IT GIVE
YOU A KIND OF PEACE-
FUL FEELING WALKING
THESE EMPTY
STREETS AT THIS
HOUR?

IT'S A
LITTLE TOO
PEACEFUL
TO SUIT
ME!

HELP!

—OR
DID I
SPEAK
TOO
SOON?

A CRY
FOR HELP!
QUICK—WE
CAN CHANGE
HERE,
THERE'S
NO ONE
AROUND.

SCARCELY A SECOND IS LOST BE-
FORE THE FLYING FEET OF THE
MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN
STREAK PAST THE CORNER TO
FIND...

WHAT'S
THE MATTER, OLD
FELLOW? WHAT
HAPPENED?

ME HANKER-
CHIEF..THEY
SNITCHED ME
HANKERCHIEF!
THAT'S WHAT
THEY DONE!



AYE—AN' IT WUZ THE ONLY HANKER-
CHIEF I OWN, THEY COME ALONG, THE
TWO OF 'EM, AN' THE YOUNG FELLER
MAKES A GRAB FOR ME POCKET, BUT
IT WUZ THE SMALL ONE WHAT WORE THE
STRIPED PANTS AN' THE MONOCLE THAT
GOT THE HANKERCHIEF WITHOUT ME
EVEN FEELIN' IT!



—THEN THAT
SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY
GOOD DESCRIPTION OF
THE PENGUIN! BUT
WHAT WOULD HE WANT
WITH A HANKERCHIEF?
AND WHO WAS WITH
HIM?

SEARCH ME—
BUT TDHTER
WERE A
YOUNG 'UN—
ABOUT SEV-
EEN, I RECKON.
THEY RUN OFF
THAT WAY.



EEK!
HELP!

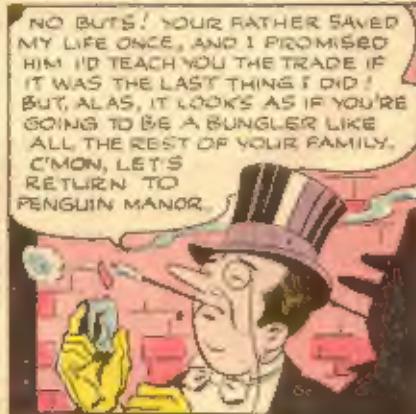
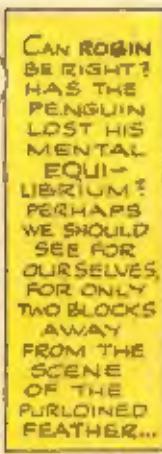
NO—IT JUST COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN THE PENGUIN—

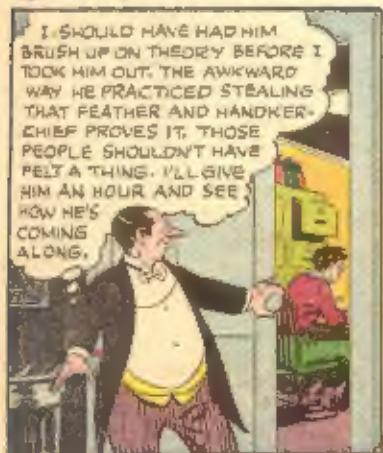
C'MON—THAT
SOUNDED LIKE A
WOMAN! AND
IT CAME FROM
DOWN THERE!

WHAT'S WRONG, MISS?

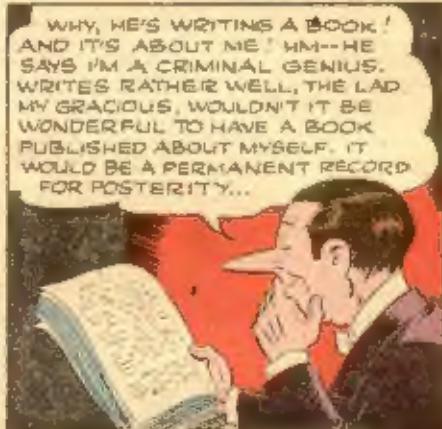
THOSE VANDALS! THEY
STOLE THE FEATHER FROM
MY HAT! THERE WERE
TWO OF THEM, BUT THE
ONE WITH THE
UMBRELLA—

UMBRELLA,
THAT
SETTLES
IT, IT
WAS THE
PENGUIN!





SO--THE
PENGUIN HAS
AN APPRENTICE
IS A
NEW
THREAT TO
LAW AND
ORDER. IN
THE MAKING.
LET'S JOIN
THE PENGUIN
AN HOUR
LATER AS
HE LOOKS
IN TO SEE
HOW HIS
CHARGE
IS MAKING
OUT...



PERHAPS YOU
DON'T RECOG-
NIZE MR. Q.T.
BEEZUM, LITER-
ARY AGENT, BUT IF YOU'LL
LOOK CLOSELY,
OF COURSE, IT'S
THE PENGUIN!
AND BY A CURI-
OUS STROKE OF
CIRCUMSTANCE,
BRUCE WAYNE
--WHO HAS A
FINANCIAL
FINGER IN MANY
A PUDDING--
IS PRESENT
AT THE
PUBLISHERS...

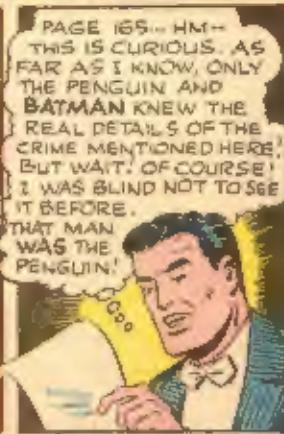




REALLY?
HM— I NEVER
THOUGHT OF
THAT!

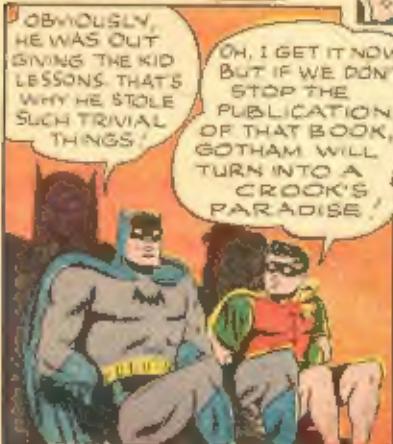
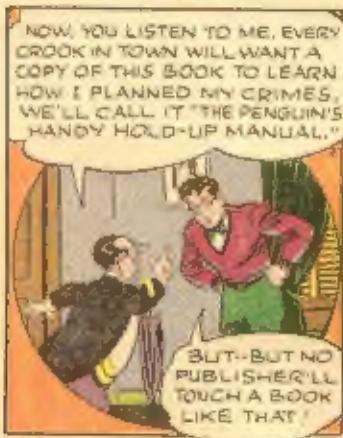


HE
DOESN'T
KNOW IT,
BUT HE'S
GIVEN ME A
WONDERFUL
IDEA!



C'MON,
YOU SE'
GIT
DOWN
FROM
DERE DA
PENGUIN
NEEDS
DAT
PAPER...





A MOST FORTUNATE TURN OF EVENTS! I NOT ONLY HAVE THE PAPER, BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN AS WELL! QUICK, GET THEM ON THE TRUCK AND LET'S GET ALONG.

LOOKIT HIM, SLEEPIN' LIKE A BABY!

—AND THE PUBLISHER GAVE ME A WONDERFUL IDEA FOR MAKING A FORTUNE OUT OF YOUR BOOK. NATURALLY, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FEW REVISIONS...

MINUTES LATER, AT PENGUIN MANOR...

BUT I DON'T WANT IT REVISED. AFTER ALL, I'M THE AUTHOR!

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, EVERY CROOK IN TOWN WILL WANT A COPY OF THIS BOOK TO LEARN HOW I PLANNED MY CRIMES. WE'LL CALL IT "THE PENGUIN'S HANDY HOLD-UP MANUAL."

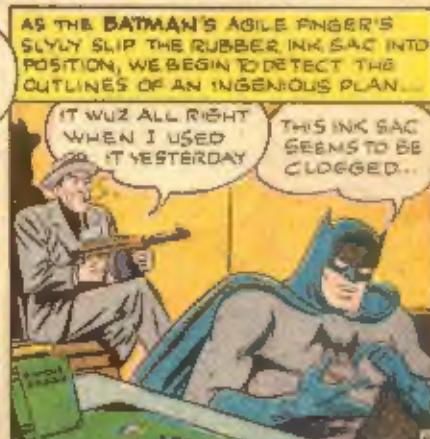
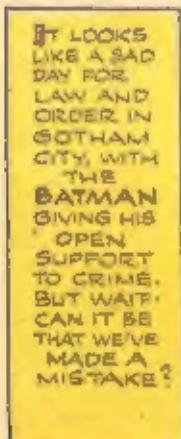
BUT—BUT NO PUBLISHER'LL TOUCH A BOOK LIKE THAT!

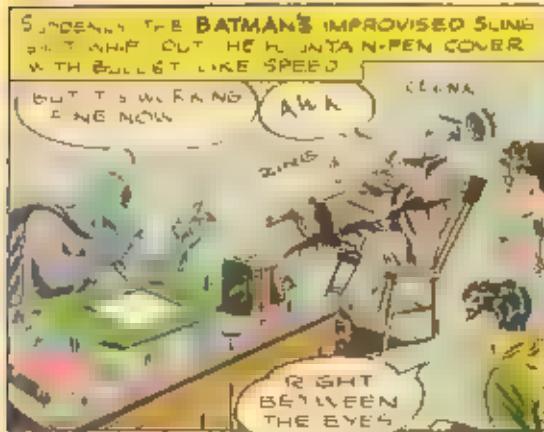
OBVIOUSLY, HE WAS OUT GIVING THE KID LESSONS. THAT'S WHY HE STOLE SUCH TRIVIAL THINGS!

OH, I GET IT NOW! BUT IF WE DON'T STOP THE PUBLICATION OF THAT BOOK, GOTHAM WILL TURN INTO A CROOK'S PARADISE!

FOOL! ALL YOU THINK OF IS ART! DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT A FORTUNE WE CAN MAKE SELLING THIS BOOK TO THE UNDER-WORLD?

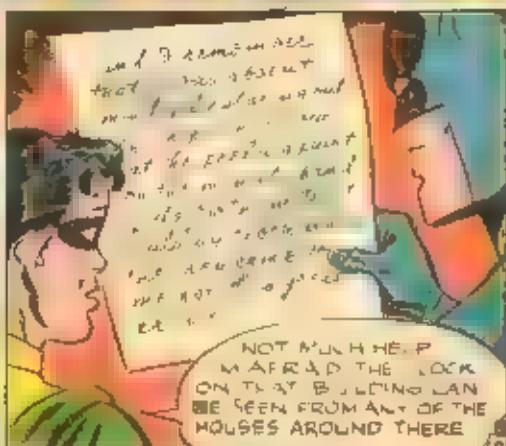
YOU WON'T SELL IT AS EASILY AS YOU THINK, PENGUIN. THE UNDER-WORLD HASN'T FORGOTTEN HOW I'VE CAUGHT YOU ON PRACTICALLY EVERY JOB!

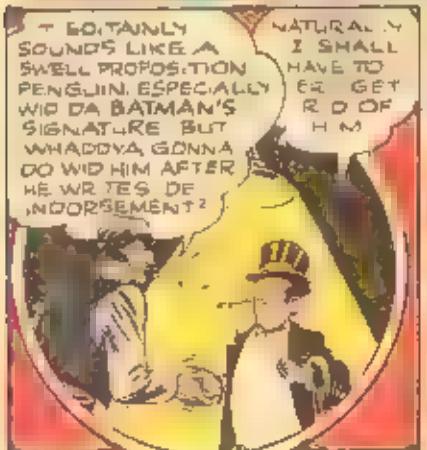
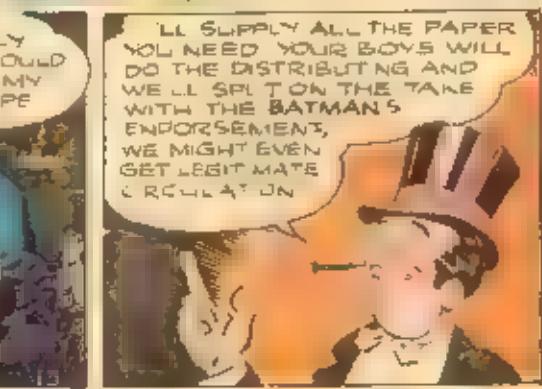
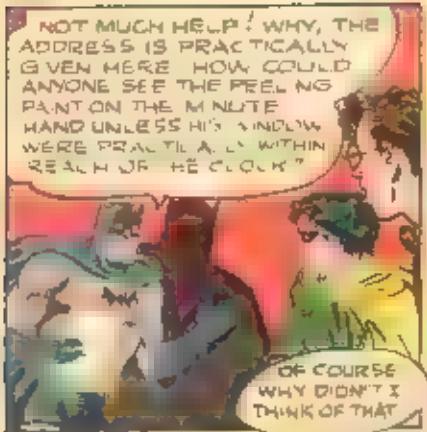


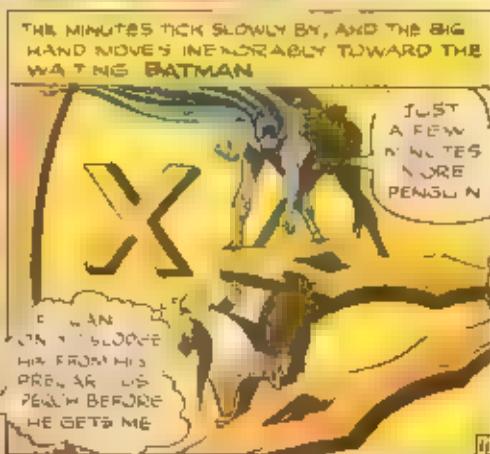
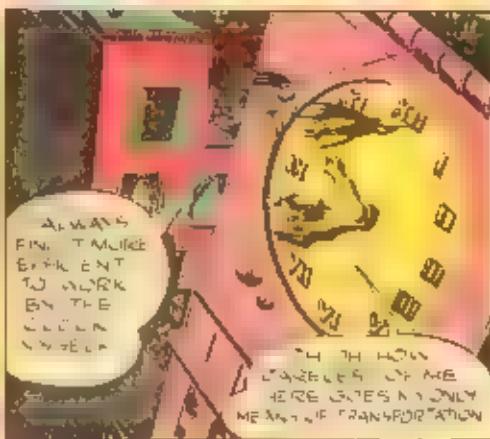
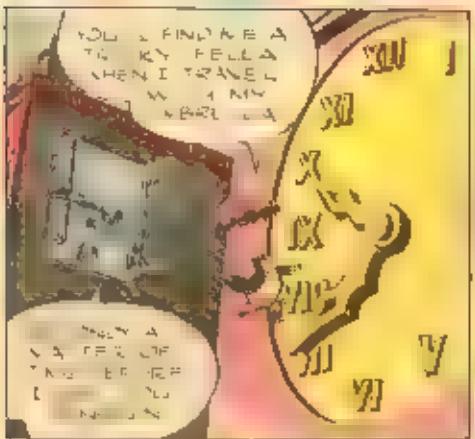


AN ENDING
THAT I'LL PUT THE
PENGUIN IN BEHIND BARS
AND TEACH THE
FINTEREER
THAT RIME ISN'T
FAY

ANPE THE
COUNTERFEETER
LET ME SEE NOW
THERE'S A STONE
MENT IN OF ANPE
IN THE PENGUIN'S
FILES.

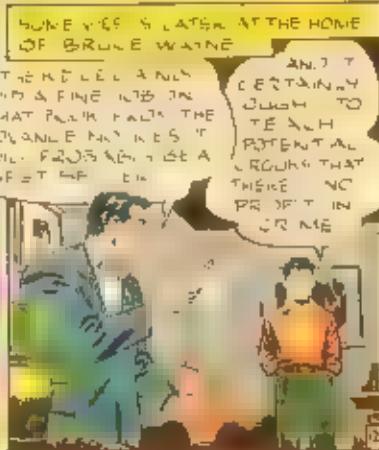
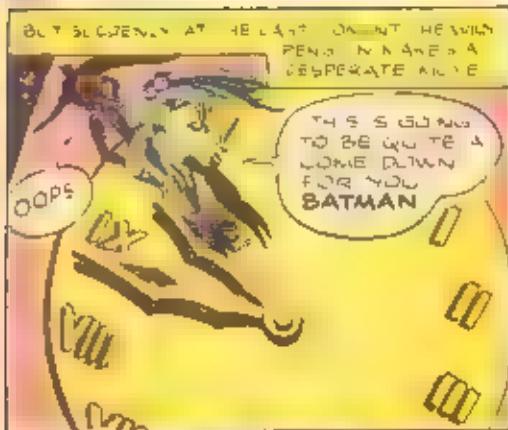




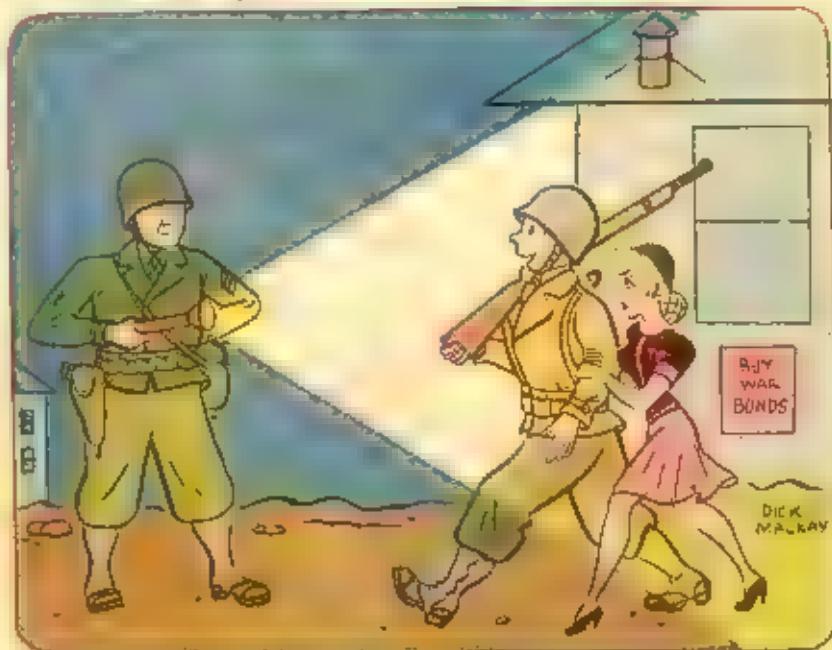


JUST
A FEW
MORE
PENGIN

I CAN
ON A SLOCHE
HIS FROM HIS
PRELAR US
PEACH BEFORE
HE GETS ME



LIGHTER MOMENTS with Fresh Eveready Batteries



*"She suggested keeping me company while
I'm walking guard duty, Sarge!"*

*"How's your suggestion, Private? The Army's been telling me
you're going to be a hero in 1944 and I'm not the only one."*

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Navy because they're built to last longer. They
all-around performance is due to the use of the
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The right battery for the job.
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EVEREADY

SON OF HIS FATHER

by Eddie Bell

He was a mere stripling, this young Kang, son of Wan Ho but he used to afford us a lot of fun on the nights the Nips weren't sending over their waching machines to drop bombs around us.

Wan Ho, the kid's poppy was one of those natives who could not do too much for the people who had come to New Guinea to drive out the hated sons of Hrabito. And he wasn't afraid to risk his life. It was a good thing to have a fellow like that around. The old man knew the jungle better than anyone in the region. After all, he had been brought up in it. The jungle offered him food and drink. In practice he had collected rare insects, and butterflies, and arrows for collectors the world over. It was a job he had intended to pass on to young Kano.

The Nip invasion had stopped that but the Nips hadn't been able to stop War Ho Ho managed to elude their clutches and to stay out of them until we boys battered our way along the island.

He wasn't in the Army mind you. He was too old to enlist. But the old Bramapone Enge beet knew a good thing, unselfishly, of course, when he saw one. He knew that Kang was a wonder at infiltration. He could slip through Jap lines like nobody's business. "Course I can't say positively that he brought back information. But it always happened that whenever he disappeared, then turned, there'd be a look of

action on Brimstone's rugged face. And things would happen.

Young Kang was as proud of the old man as his pappy was of him. The kid would always be talking of the times he spent in the jungles with his father. "In the days of peace," he'd said, and there'd be a woeful expression on his face, "my father was a great man."

"He's a great man now, too, kid," we'd say thinking of a surprise attack we'd made, and thinking, too, what Mart Woo Ho might have.

With pleasure. At a ^{right} man, too, somebody had telephoned

Well, I guess none of us expected we'd be around to see that day. You grow up with the jungle and you grow old in it and maybe Kang would be great. But the war would be long over by then.

Yes, none of us expected it. Any more than we thought anything could happen to Wm. Ha. But happen it did. We didn't know it, of course, for a couple of days. Brimstone's face finally gave it away.

I guess the Old Man really cared for the native, otherwise that poker face would have displayed nothing. Maybe, when the Old Man saw King's face begin to deepen with worry, he just couldn't take it. Like us, he was very fond of the spry youngster. The kid had a liveliness, a love of life about him that really lifted up us boys.

When Brimstone finally broke the news, or rather allowed it to be broken, I'll confess we really felt pretty bad. Information came out that Wan Ho had been out on some sort of unofficial reconnaissance. After all, he was a native, and really under no supervision as

cept the protection we brought with us.

I was standing next to young Kang when the news broke. And I'll say this for the kid, he certainly took it standing up.

We didn't know what he was thinking. We found out that night. One of our sentries caught him going through the line. The kid was wearing nothing but a sarong and a Ranger's knife. He fought but back he was brought.

They took him to St. mistake, end, as usually happens, the story came down the line. The lad stood up before the Old Man and said he was going to find his father. He'd kill the N...
P.

just simply just like that But
there was murder in the cold
way he said the words

Bronstone spoke to him just like a father. Didn't the boy know he wasn't going a chance? That the Nips were everywhere, out in that jungle? He gave it to him right from the shoulder. Too much time had elapsed. There was no doubt that his father had been captured, and probably killed. It would be better to try to forget. That, said the Colonel, would be the way Wan Ho would want it.

That hadn't worked with the
Kang had argued that if
his father had been murdered,
there were two things a dutiful
son should do. First, find the
body and bury it according to
tribal ritual. Second, avenge the

So the Colonel issued orders that the lad was to be confined to camp. Then, for the next three days, sentries were busy bringing him back. And each time the kid was proud, haughty, facing Grimstone. His father, he insisted, was alive. He must have been hurt to have been

The Adventures of ALFRED

THE WORLD'S NINE OYSTER
HAD A LITTLE PEARL EXPRESS
ING TO A T. HE SENT MINTY CH.
ALFRED BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY
BUT IN ANOTHER AN UNLAWN
SUFF. SED. AND ALFRED AWARE-
MENT IS EXTREME WHEN AN
UNSELFISH SHELL-FISH PRESENTS...

"THE PEARL OF PERIL!"



AN UNUSUAL OCCASION IN THE LIFE
OF ALFRED
THE MAWSTERS ARE VISITING FRIENDS AND WON'T
RETURN UNTIL LATE SO HERE
NO NEED OF MY COOKING
SEE WHAT RESTAURANT
FOOD TASTE LIKE

WHICH SEEMS THAT ALL
SORTS OF PEOPLE EAT HERE
BUT AFTER ALL THE FOODS
THE THING I HOPE
IT'S GOOD

BUT ALFRED'S ATTENTION IS SOON
TURNED FROM HIS OWN FOOD
TO THAT OF OTHERS IN THE RESTAURANT
OF THE AREA.

LOOK

WHAT'S
THAT ANGRY
FELLOW?

A POOR GUY IN A
COLE OF AN OYSTER
FROM DASIE OF T T
MUST BE WORTH A GRAND
A RICH

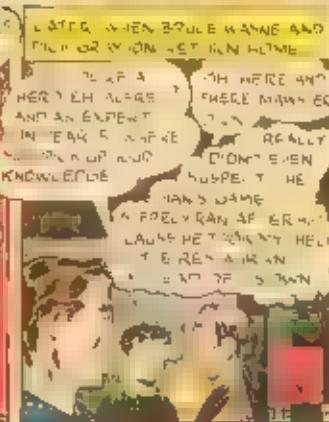
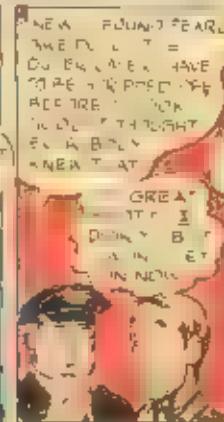
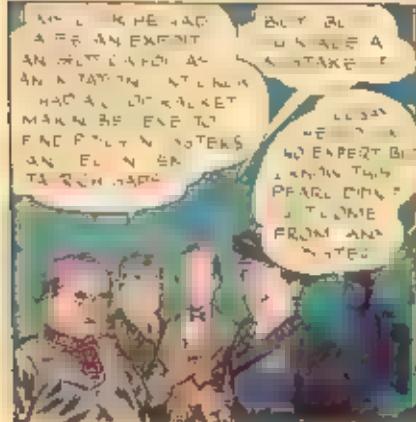
OH, OH,
WHY COULDN'T
THAT HAVE HAPPENED
TO ME?

BUT, I JUST REMEMBERED
I AINT GOT ANY CASH ON
ME AND CAN'T PAY FOR
DIE MEAL. I LON FROD
KNOY LEND ME A SMALLER
TILL I CAN PAY DIS.



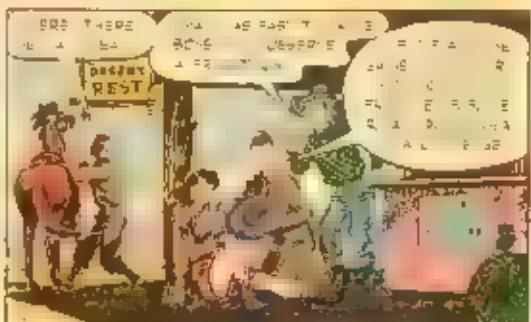
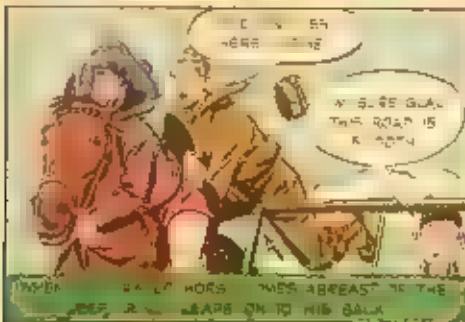






ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

RACE WITH DEATH!



ALL SHE GAVE US WAS
FRUIT. I WAS HOPIN'
THERE MIGHT BE
WHEATIES UNDERNEATH!

Alfred E. Neuman

WHAT NO WHEATIES!

YOU JUST NATURALLY TEAM UP FRUIT AND MILK AND THOSE BIG CRISP TOASTED FLAKES AND YOU JUST NATURALLY GO FOR THAT CHAMPION WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT. WHEN YOUR APPETITE GETS ACQUAINTED WITH WHEATIES FAMOUS "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR GET YOUR SHARE OF GOOD NOURISHMENT AND GRAND FLAVOR AND SWELL FUN. GIVE YOURSELF LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" EVERY MORNING.



An illustration of a Wheaties cereal box. The box is orange and blue with the words "WHEATIES", "Breakfast of Champions", and "Orange and Blue Package". Below the box is a speech bubble containing the text "LOOK FOR THAT FAMOUS ORANGE AND BLUE PACKAGE". To the right of the box is the text "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" and "WITH MILK AND FRUIT". At the bottom, it says "A Product of General Mills, Inc.".

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-



JOHN SVENSON, FAMOUS EXPLORER AND THE STRANGE PLACES OF EARTH AS WELL AS YOU KNOW HE PAYS OF YOUR OWN HAND AND BETTER OTHERS HE'S TO FOLLOW IN HIS FOOT STEPS AND FADED INSERABLY UNTIL THE DYNAMIC DUO OF BATMAN AND ROBIN UNDETERRED BY THE FEAR OF DEATH AT THE HANDS OF EARTH MAN OR NATURE GIRD ED A LAIR NALS.

*Voyage
into
Villainy!*



AT AN IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE EXPLORERS' CLUB

AS SECRETARY I HE
LIF IN ENTHUSIASTIC
RETURN FROM THE FAR
FLUNG WILDERNESSES OF THE
WORLD.

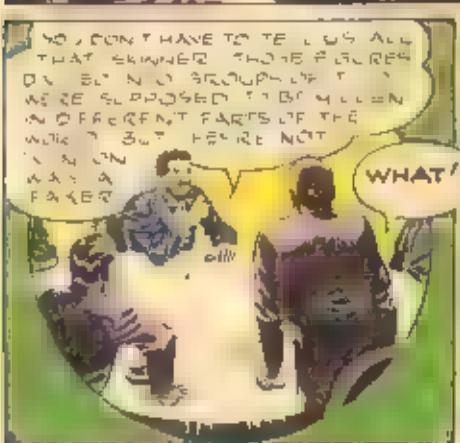


AS YOU WELL KNOW JOHN
SVENSON THE GREATEST EXPLORER
WHO EVER LIVED WAS DETERMINED
THAT ONLY OTHER AND EXPEDITION
SHOULD EVER HAVE HIS MONEY. SO HE
LEFT IT FOR ME IN A SAFE
THAT COULD BE OPENED ONLY
BY A TEN FIGURE
COMBINATION.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL US ALL
THAT SVENSON THOUGHT SURE
DEATH IN A GROUP OF FIVE
WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SPREAD
IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE
WORLD? BUT HE'S NOT
A MAN WHO WAS A
FAKER.

WHAT?



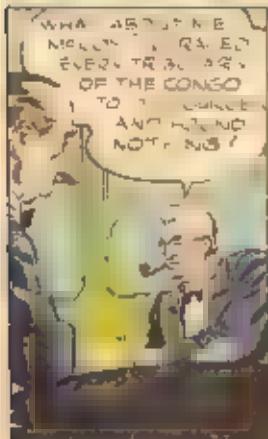
THE DIRECTIONS HE LEFT WERE
WORTHLESS! I FOLLOWED THEM
TO THE LETTER, AND DISCOVERED
NOTHING. MY SIX MONTHS IN
THE ARCTIC WERE
WASTED.

YOU'RE NOT
THE ONLY
ONE
PIERRE
I WAITED
4 MONTHS
RE-TRACING
SVENSON'S
JOURNEY
IN TIBET.



WHAT ABOUT THE
MONEY? I RAISED
EVERYTHING
OF THE CONGO
I TOOK
AND HAD
NOTHING!

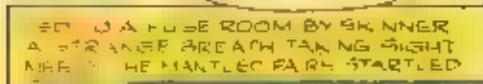
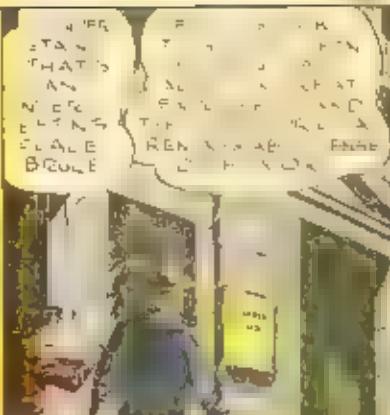
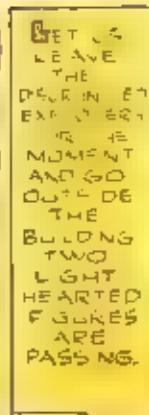
AND I TRIED
IN THE ANTARCTIC
LAW TO ACT AS HIS
NAME FELIX LANDRY
ON A FEW ALONE I
FOUND NO KEY TO
SVENSON'S FORTUNE



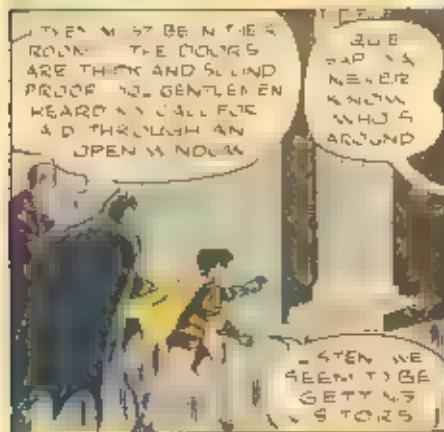
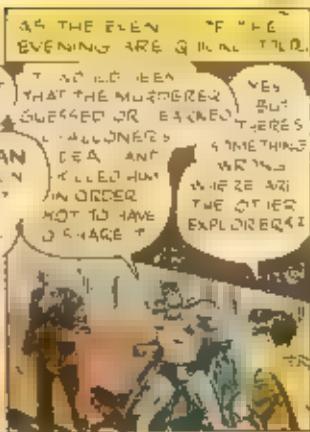
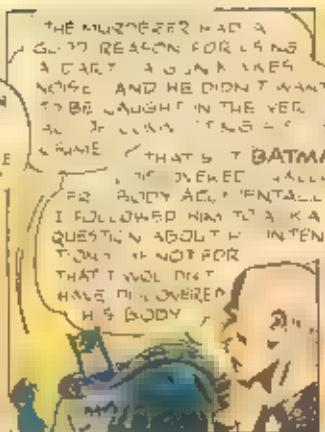
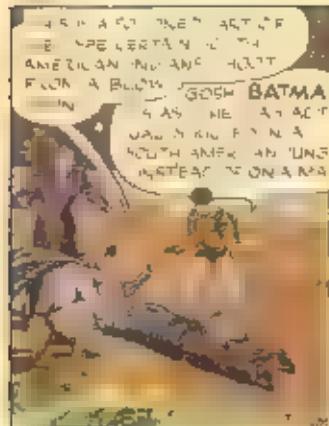
GENTLEMEN, I CAN'T
TELL YOU HOW ANGRY
AND DISAPPOINTED
I AM. IF MR.
CHARLTON HAS
NOTHING BETTER
TO REPORT

I HAVEN'T
44 NIQUE BUT
ON THE WAY
BALM FORT
THE AN ALONE
WE BEEN
DOING A LITTLE
THINKING

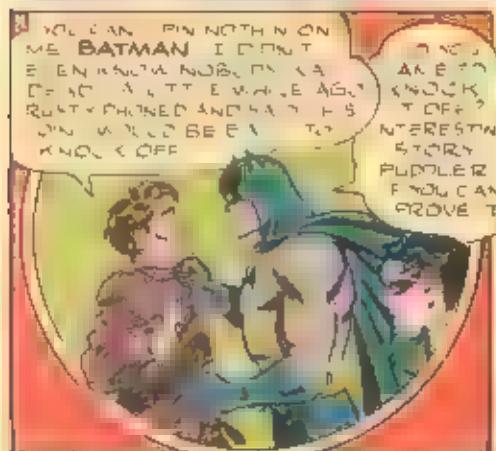




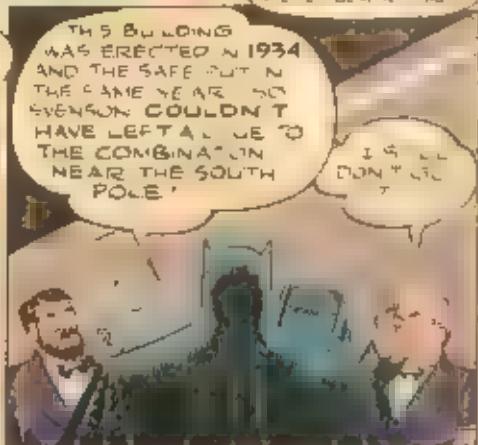
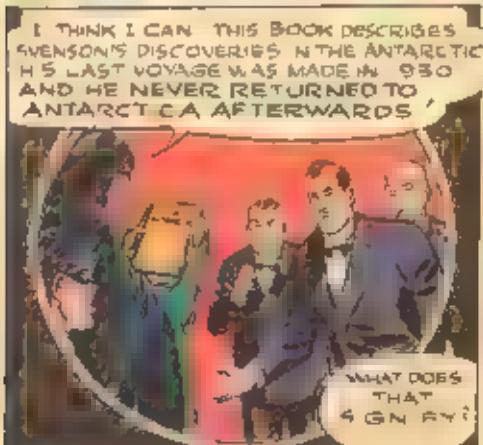
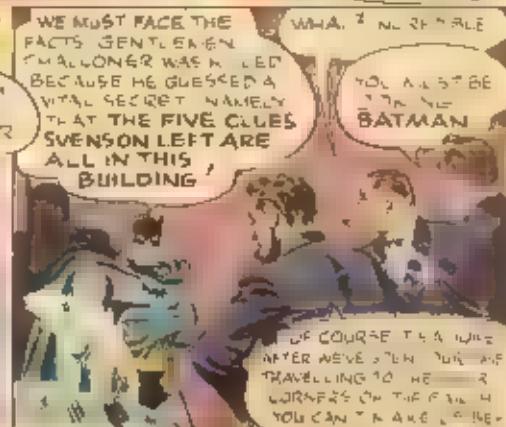
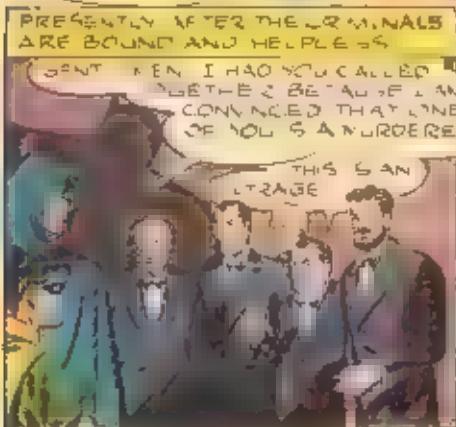
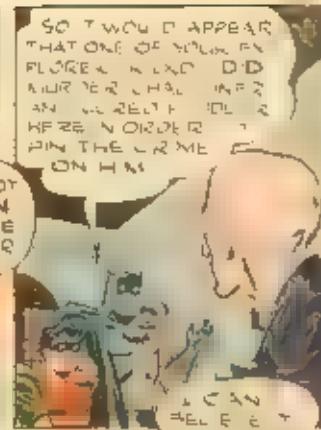
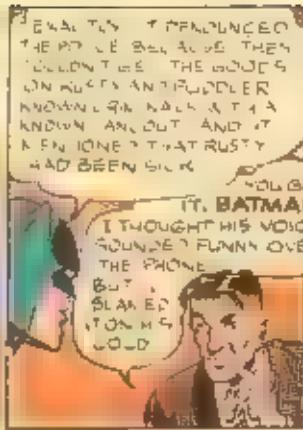
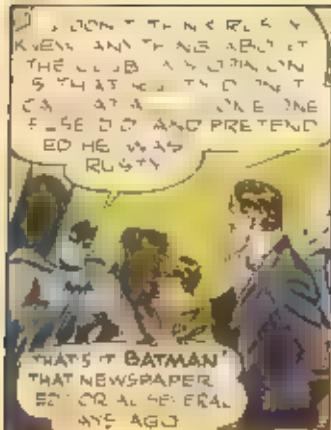
BATMAN



BATMAN



BATMAN



I DON'T BELIEVE IT

HE ALONE LEFT
THE CITY. IN THE
MODELS OF THE
CITY HE PLACED
A SMALL LEAD
AT THE END OF THE
ARMED AND
READY. HE
LEARNED THE
SECRET

BU F THE MURDERS
TURNED UP WITH THE
COMBINATION AFTER
MALLONER'S DEATH
HE WOULD NATURALLY
BE SUSPECTED
THEREFORE HE HAD
TO HIDE THE SECRET
LEAVE ONE ELSE

YET HE HAD
HAD TO EARN
IT. BUT WE'RE GOING
TO HELP IT
GENTLEMAN. LET
WE START THE
SEARCH AT
ONCE

SO A STRANGE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY BEGINS

USING THIS
CLUE HE IS
GOING TO TRACE
THE CRIMINAL
TO EARTH
HE IS GOING
TO DO IT
FIRST HE
IS GOING TO
SAN FRANCISCO

AND CALLED
DOWN THE
WESTERN COAST
OF SOUTH
AMERICA

FIVE PAIRS OF FASCINATED EYES GLITTER
IN HAWAIIAN PAJAMAS AS BATMAN AND
ROBIN RETRACE THE GREAT ISLANDERS'
JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

THIS IS AS FAR
AS HE GOT BAT
AS HE LEFT THE
MAN

HE MUST BE

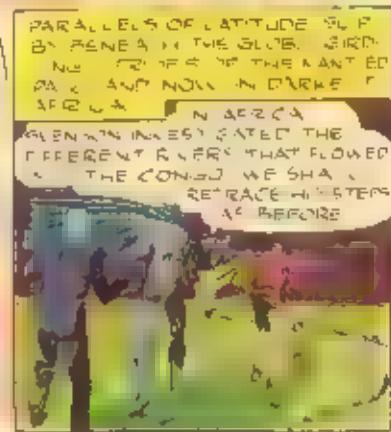
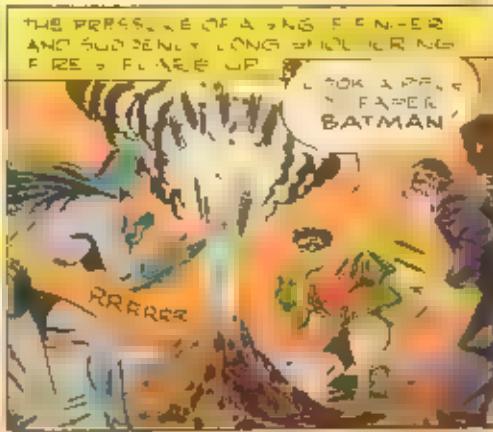
NEARBY

BUT THERE'S
NO SIGN OF IT

HINK BATMAN
THAT YOU BE TERRIBLE
LITTLE. YOU'VE
MADE A
MISTAKE
FOR THE
BEGINNING

JUST A MOMENT AGO LENORE
SLEVENSON KENT TURNS THAT
WHICH AT FIRST THOUGH
WAS AN ORDINARY MOUNTAIN, EXCEPT ONE
THING. IT ERUPTED. IT NEVER ERUPTED
BUT ACTUALLY A DORMANT
MOUNTAIN. AND IT ERUPTED TOO





MENSON REACHED THIS TERRITORY IN THE FIRE SEASON AND TRY TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL RIVERS IN THE PART OF AFRICA WHEN THE RAINS EASED. THEY DRIED UP.

YES MORGAN THEY DRY
UP THIS REE DONT
NEED AS FIRM AS ONE
OF THE OTHERS - IT MAY
BE A LEVER. SO
WE TRY FISHING
TO GET

AH A - EXPE. TEE. THE WATER
LOW & THE TIDE IS LOW.
UNLESS I CAN ANTIC
I STATE THAT
NOSE OF A TURTLE
ISN'T FIRE PURELY
AN ORNAMENT

GENTLEMEN,
THE FOURTH
CLUE!

AND NOW AS THE VAGABOND FAD FOR
THE NORTH POLAR REGION

YOU'RE STANDING
BATMAN WHERE EVER YOU
WERE LAST AND
BUT FROM THERE HE
WENT ON ALONE

ONE HUNDRED
BY ONE
COM PASS

NO QUESTION AS TO THE
RIGHT DIRECTION. JUST MOVE
PARALLEL TO THAT
ARROW

BUT PRESENTLY
AGAIN NOT SGIN
DOES A CLUE. WHAT'S
THE ANSWER NOW
BATMAN? THIS TIME
WE'VE FOLLOWED
DIRECTIONS FAITHFULLY.

NOT QU E PERCE
BLENKIN C'D HE
OR ELSE GO DUE
NORTH BY COM
PASS

WHAT DIFF..
HMM? THAT
COM PASS IS
POINTING
EAST

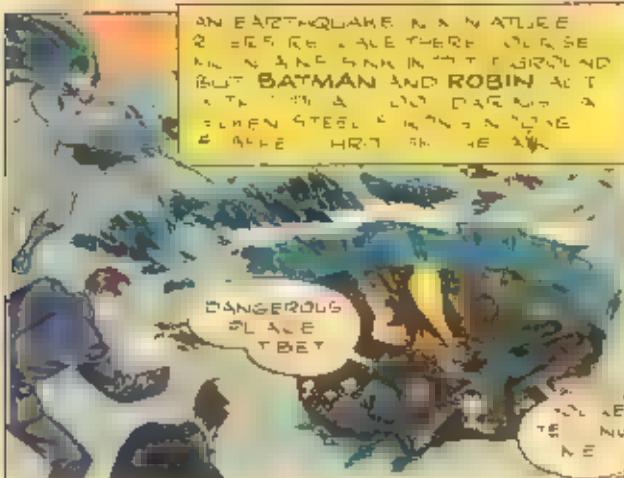
THEN THAT'S THE
DIRECTION WE'RE
TO GO! THE COMPASS
DOESN'T INDICATE
TRUE NORTH BECAUSE
THE NEEDLE HAS
BEEN DEFLECTED
BY RON IN THAT
SNOW COVERED
MOUNTAIN!

IN A DESERT A FALLEN
CLIFF EDGE TUMBLE DOWN
A METAL CAN BREAKS AND ON IT
IS THROWN AN ANGRY FRODE'S
NAME. BATMAN

WELL, THE J
BE BATMAN I CAN HAVE
ONE MORE TRY AT
LAW ENFORCEMENT
IN THIS CITY AS
WHERE TENTH
ET ELEVENTH
AND

WE LENGTHEN
WE HERD IN
EARTHQUAKE
VIA

THE
ENDS
NO WAY
BENEATH

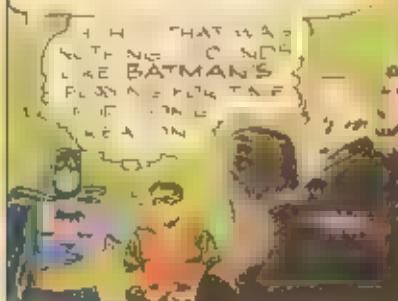


SHOOT

FOR A
A FEW FEET
OPENED UP
HUNTER BULL
FENON AT ART OF
HOLDING ON ANOTHER
EARTHQUAKE
HE ARRANGED
BENEATH
ALMOST
THE
HOLD
UP



RIGHT EVEN THERE'S ONE
A DUFFLE BAG YET TO BE FOUND
BUT A RECENTLY I HAVE
THOUGHT THAT OF THE TWO
I NEED TO GET AN
ROBIN IS SO SHAKEN
BY A NARROW ESCAPE



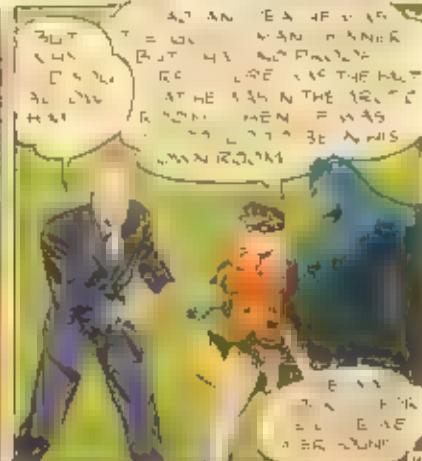
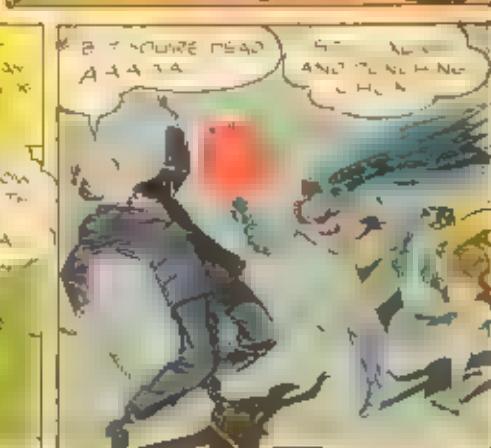
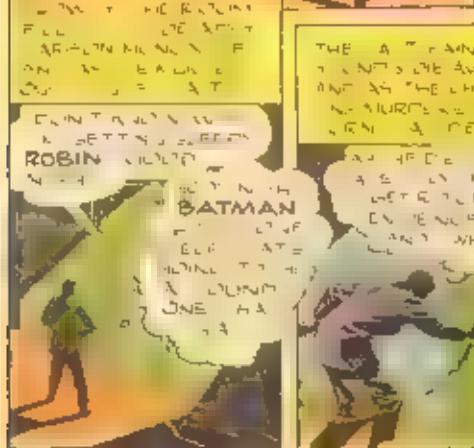
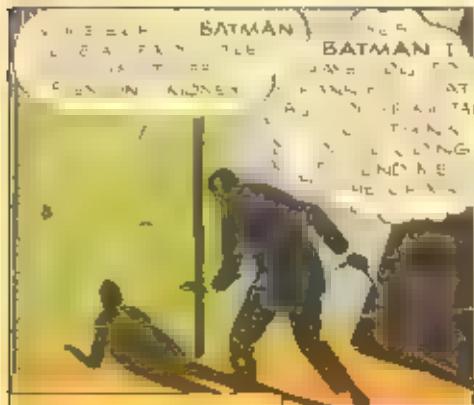
I CAN WELL
UNDERSTAND
BATMAN
I LENGTHEN
ROBIN A ROCK
WILL I CAN
KEEP WEARAY
AS WELL AS
THE MORNIN
AC WE
SUGGEST



AS QUIETLY OVER
THE GREAT BUILDING

BATMAN WE'VE BEEN
HUNTING WE'VE FOUND
MUCH OF THE KILLERS
EVENON LEFT BUT
WE'RE NO CLOSER
THAN BEFORE O
DISCOVERED HE
KILLER

I WOULDN'T
SAY THAT
ROBIN
I HAVE AN
IDEA IN THE
THAT ANGRY
FRODE
WE PROOF





THEN THERE WAS THE FACT THAT THE MURDERER HAD GO IN TOWN WITH PAPER TO PROVE THAT HE MURK HAVE READ THAT EDITOR AL

THESE THINGS PROVING IT ISN'T BUT I NEEDED OWN ACTION TO PROVE IT

HAD SO YOU E DESTROYED THE CLUES YOU SOLE FROM CHALLONER

WE NEVER SPENT THE TAPE TELL 34 TH JAPAN ATION AC HAMENT BEEN THE TELL TENDRILLE?

THAT APPEARED SEVERAL DAYS AGO BUT AL THE OTHER EXPLORERS ARRIVED IN TOWN WITHIN THE PAST TWO DAYS AND WE GOT IN A WASH PRINTED IN THE OUT OF TOWN EDITIONS

CURSE YOU BATMAN! YOU LAUGH ME BUT YOU NEVER LET YOUR NAME ON SVENSON'S MONEY



BUT LITTLE DO THESE MEN AFT AND THE RE SOURCEFULLNESS OF MIGHTY BATMAN MOMENTS LATER AT THE ARE

IS TRUE THAT WE'LL NEVER FIND THE LAST CLUE BUT WE DON'T NEED IT WITH ONLY TWO NUMBERS IN STRING THERE ARE ONLY 100 POSSIBILIES BEING NING WITH 30 AND ENDING WITH 49

AND WITHIN A FEW MINUTES AH WE'VE GOT IT

GREAT GUY THE MAN'S A VIZARD



BATMAN ACCORDING TO THE TERMS OF THE WILL THE MONEY IS YOURS

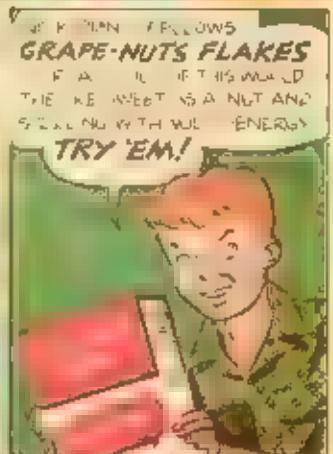
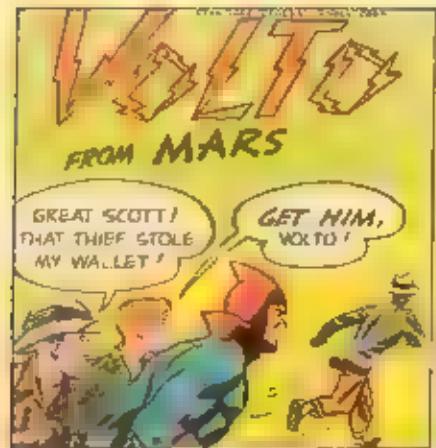
YOU'VE EARNED IT! YOU'RE THE BEST EXPLORER OF US ALL

AND AS WE ARE INDEPENDENT MEAN YOU NEED HAVE NO REGRETS ABOUT AFFILIATING

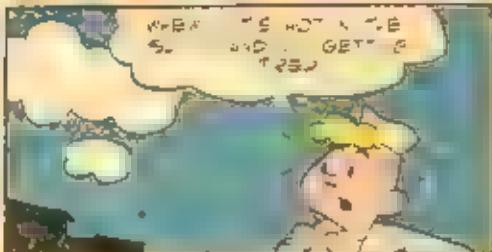
NO GENTLEMEN I DON'T WANT THE MONEY I'D RATHER HAVE IT GO TO CHARITY

GOSH BATMAN WHAT WILL I CHARGE TO DO A THING





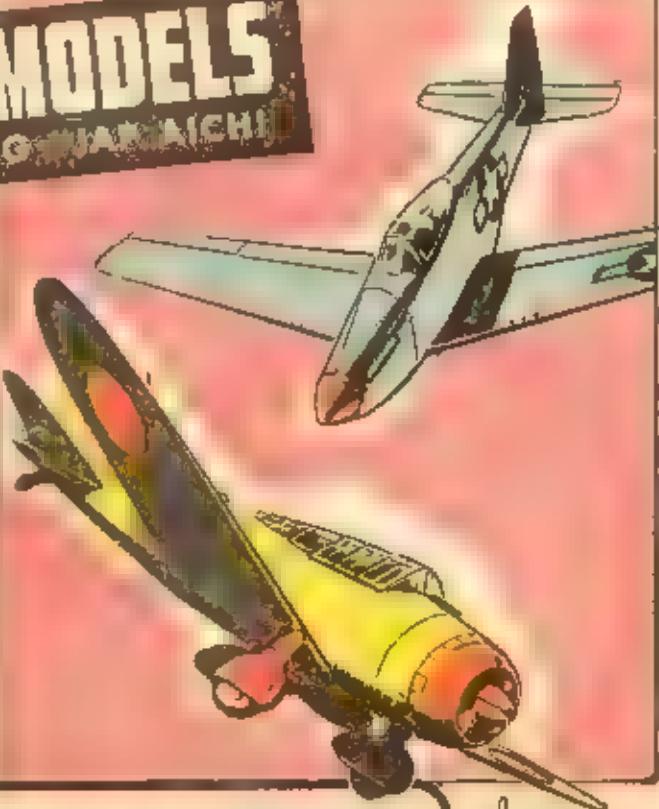
SHORTY



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package ONE (1) Wheaties box. Please send

Name—

Street Address—

City—

State—

BATMAN

ROBIN

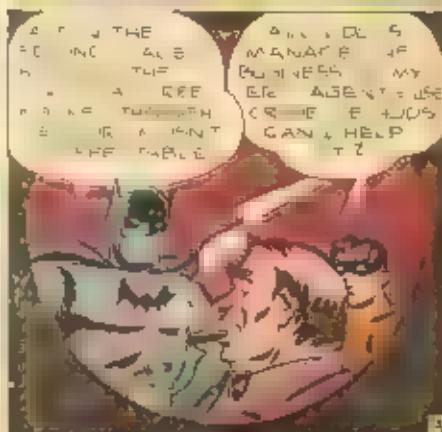
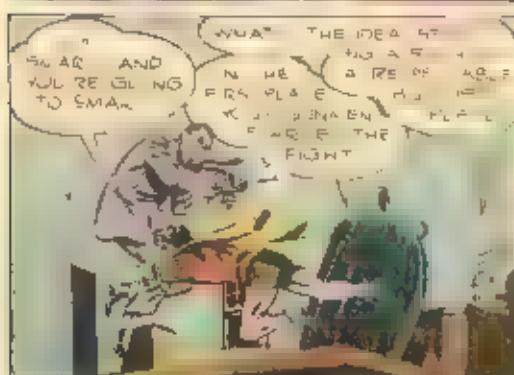


IT BE FAIRLAINE
BETWEEN THA ADVENT
TOK AN WAKEN'S BELCE
MA TERRIE D'ACIDE WAS CAMPED
LATE, TH' ENT IN A FIR' THE LEAT
ENG SHINE, A WHIPLATE OF THE GRIND OF
DAGGERS, OR THAT'S AN ANFA IN THE WOLD
WHICH THE ATHAL STAL OF THE WORL' MEE
SOME OF BRIETIDE AND AT THE END TO
BEAT IN F' THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN
AS HE FARE WOTH WALE MORE ALLAINST
EVIL AND INJURE, F' TO TELL AN DIL
ETUR.

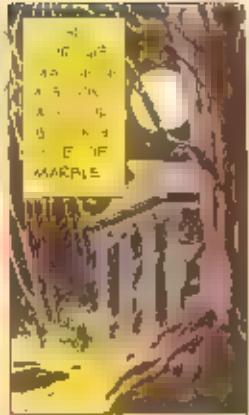
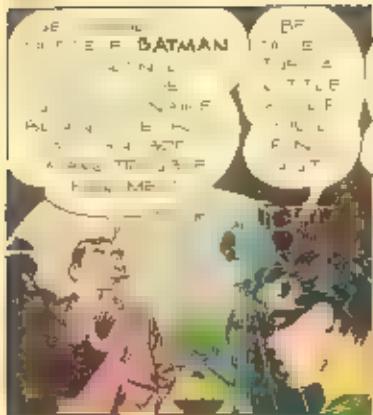
"A Christmas Peril!"



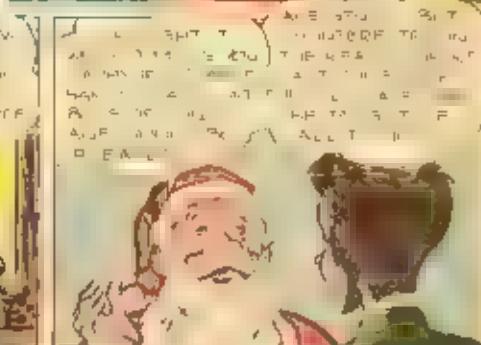
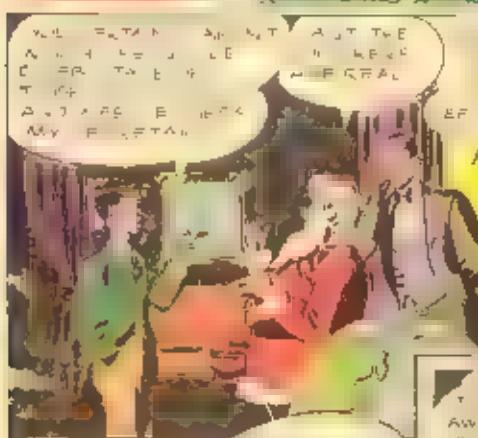




BATMAN

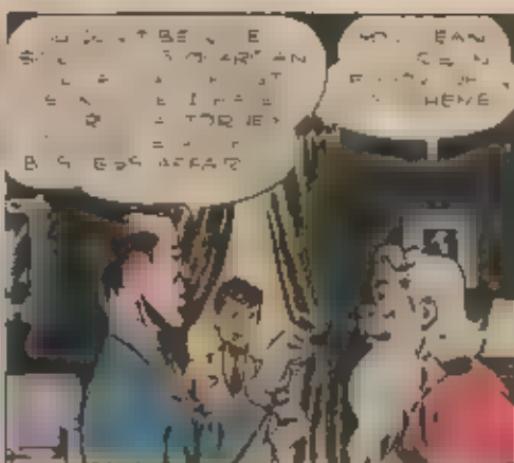


BATMAN





A CHRISTMAS PERIL



BATMAN SUPER-SPECTACULAR





THAT ALL AND FOR
A PORN MEAN REA
ALL THE

AT THAT MOVEMENT

THESE 9
A PATIENT
HERE YOU
CAN'T SEE
SEE

JUST WASH
EGGPLATE
LEMON
MELON

AT HOSPITAL
BELLARIVE
BOSTON

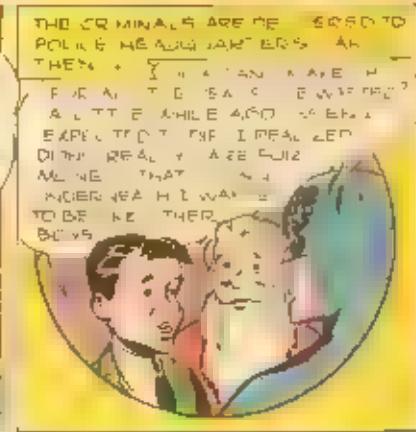
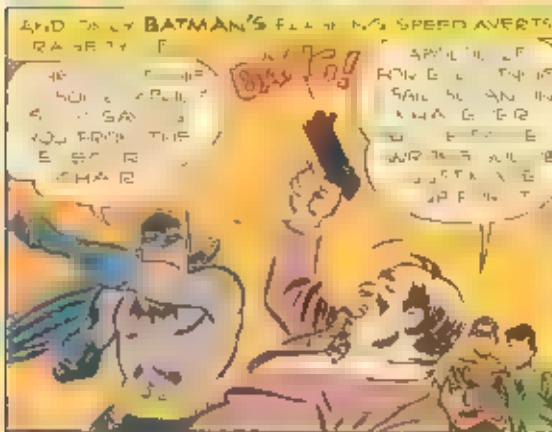
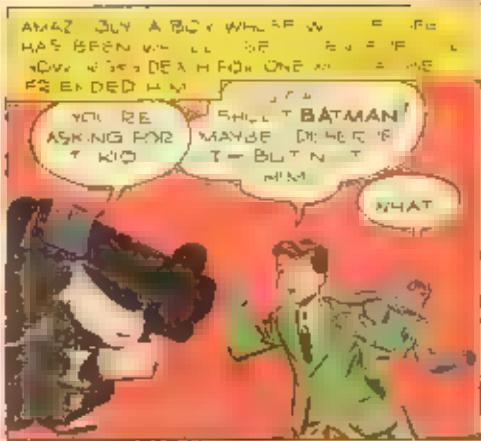
WHERE'S THE SUPERINTENDENT? I WANT MEET'ER TO HAVE THE BEST DOCT'RS AVAILABLE AND HANG THE EXPENSE!

SELL DO
EVE THING
PLU BEE ME
LUG AND
OF D THE
E B
KIA IF I ONLY
KNEA WH
EGGERZ A SENT
NAF DGE E
KIA FEE
ON MY MIND
NE
K N
ID WEL
BLA
TO WUN
YL J

44 44 SCRATCH N NELL LL BE
45 45 LORING AT THAT FA WARWICKS
46 46 TAKE ME TO SIR RHT N
47 47 MR HOLLOWAY
48 48 MMED ATELY

BATMAN





A CHRISTMAS PERIL

AS MIDNIGHT CHIMES ANNOUNCE THE BIRTH OF CHRISTMAS DAY...

JINGLE BELLS!
JINGLE BELLS...

BOOM BOOM

WAIT FOR ME.

LESS NOISE! THEY'LL HEAR US!

TAKE IT EASY, UNCLE TIM!

AS IF BY A MIRACLE, A DREARY SLUM DWELLING IS TRANSFORMED INTO A PLACE OF JOY!

WHY DIDN'T ANYBODY EVER TELL ME IT WAS FUN DOING THINGS FOR OTHERS?

SEE, WE WERE AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T FIND US THIS YEAR, SANTA!

BLESS YOU!

LATER, IN THE HOSPITAL, WHERE FAMOUS DOCTORS HAVE LED JOE MEAKER OUT OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH...

YOU'RE GOING TO GET WELL, JOE. AND SANTA FEELS LIKE IT. COUSIN HAS BOUGHT UP A NEW AND BETTER STORE.

IT'S THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS WE'VE EVER HAD, AFTER ALL.

AND THE LORING MANSION IS NO LONGER GLOOMY!

WE DON'T HAVE A SINGLE PRESENT FOR SCRANTON! I'VE JUST BEEN GIVEN THE FINEST PRESENT ON EARTH — SOMETHING ALL MY FORTUNE COULDN'T BUY!

I'VE LEARNED THE SECRET OF REAL HAPPINESS! I'M GOING TO DEVOTE MY TIME AND MONEY TO SPREADING CHEER THE YEAR 'ROUND — AND I ONLY WISH EVERYONE COULD KNOW HOW MUCH FUN I'M GOING TO HAVE.

LET'S TELL THE WORLD ABOUT IT — SHALL WE?

GREETINGS TO ONE AND ALL FROM UNCLE TIM!

AND FROM YOUNG KODDIE LORING — WHO WON'T BE KNOWN BY THAT NAME ANY LONGER!

AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY, FROM BATMAN —

AND ROBIN!

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外空 星球咖啡

Christopher. Please could we have the latest available Weather Forecast for the period starting at about 10:00 yesterday on my answer back. I will send the forecast to you via email and VHF 162.

Additional information on the use of the *Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism* is available at www.endocrinology.org.

卷之三

Journal of Soil and Water Conservation, Vol. 40, No. 1, January/February 1985

more than paid

gestation of only 10 to 12 weeks until birth.

taken prisoner in the first place. Another thing, his father was wise enough to make the Nips want to keep him alive and healthy.

Well, maybe there was some logic, certainly some positivity to the boy's faith. Maybe it convinced Brimstone, maybe it had nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, I couldn't help feeling happy about the whole thing the night I was detailed to take six men on patrol. "You are to follow your orders to the letter, Sergeant," the Lieutenant told me, "but if, on the way, you should happen to be scouting around and perhaps discover what happened to Wan Ho, it wouldn't be bad."

A guy couldn't ask for a plainer invitation, and I can tell you that we attacked our patrol mission with a vengeance, figuring on taking a little time to look around. I had a bunch of swell scouts behind me, too, everyone a good Ranger, everyone skilled in woodcraft.

Or, at least, I thought so. I still don't know to this day how Kang happened to be behind us all the time. It was only by a lucky accident we caught on. Lucky for Kang, too, because one of the boys was up in a tree, with knife ready. He recognized Kang just in time.

I let the lad have it, too, in whispers, but nonetheless vehement. What was the idea of leaving the post? How did he get out? Didn't he know how narrowly he had escaped death?

Believe it or not, he just smiled. "I think I have found a trail," he said. "They took my father along it."

What a trail that was, through the dark, moonless jungle! The moon wasn't due to come up for four hours, and when it did, it would be best for us to be back in camp. I knew that, and so did the boys.

But just the same we followed that kid, and it was no picnic, getting through the briars, the swamps, the lethal vines underfoot, and no knowing who might be in each tree.

Come three hours and we were ready to give up. I'll admit I thought the kid was trying to get us to keep moving ahead on the long chance we'd stumble across his father. And as the hours passed, I was more convinced. Finally, I grabbed him. "That's about enough," I said. "We'll have to try it again some other time."

He gasped, stood still. "But I sense he is here," he whispered. "I feel it. I know somehow he will talk to us."

"Nonsense." I couldn't waste any more time. We had done what we could. "Come on. Or we'll carry you back." I reached for him, just as a stray breeze blew across my hot face.

He jumped back. "No," he said. "He is here, I know." His chest began to heave. He sniffed into the breeze. "My father is not far from here," he said excitedly. "Come."

We followed him, inching along. I couldn't figure the thing out, yet I knew I had to give the kid this last break. If it was wrong, okay, we'd done what we could. And how did I know we didn't owe it to Wan Ho?

And then, suddenly, the moon came up and we saw them. There were six of them, Nip snipers. And in between them, dragging along on a broken leg, was Wan Ho!

Gosh, I felt good. It was my party from then on. I whispered my orders and we scattered. One Nip to each man. I'd take care of Wan Ho. No signals, we all knew what to do.

Oh, it was pretty to watch the way my men operated. Like shadows they darted from the trees and just like that there were six dead Nips. And we had Wan Ho and were carrying him back to camp. Right behind Wan Ho trotted a very proud little boy, too.

In the excitement, I didn't think to ask how Kang had known so positively that his father was there. It wasn't until we were receiving congratula-

tions in Brimstone's tent that I learned the secret.

"My son," Wan Ho said to the Colonel, "has been a good pupil. I knew he would find me if I but left a trail."

"But there wasn't any trail, Wan Ho," I said. "It just seemed as though he found you by instinct."

Wan Ho smiled, looked at the boy, who unwrapped something from a big leaf. The odor almost drove me out of the tent. "Rotten fish," I gasped.

"Yes," Wan Ho said, "the invaders gave it to me to eat. They did not know that in the jungle, one should bury it deep. For it leaves a trail that cannot be mistaken, particularly if there is a breeze. Every night I have left my bad fish lying about, when the wind was blowing away from my captors."

Kang laughed happily. "And it was I who smelled it, father," he said proudly. "Just as you taught me."

Think of it, six Nips caught by a fish!

THESE BOYS ARE GIVING THEIR ALL



Let's Do Our Bit
By Buying MORE
WAR BONDS
Than We Can
Afford

